

WORKS.

Joy, and other Poems.

Mrs. Dandridge's poems are as dainty and airy as if the elves themselves had led her to their bowers and discovered to her their secrets; and this is truly what her poetic sense has done, for the poet is a seer and singer of the secrets of nature.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD SPARROW.

*(From Joy, and other Poems.)**

'Twas long ago :
 The place was very fair ;
 And from a cloud of snow
 A spirit of the air
 Dropped to the earth below.
 It was a spot by man untrod,
 Just where
 I think is only known to God.
 The spirit, for a while,
 Because of beauty freshly made
 Could only smile ;
 Then grew the smiling to a song,
 And as he sang he played
 Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole
 Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
 Or far or near,
 Save one small sparrow of the wood,
 That song to hear.
 This, in a bosky tree,
 Heard all, and understood
 As much as a small sparrow could
 By sympathy.
 'Twas a fair sight
 That morn of Spring,
 When on the lonely height,

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The spirit paused to sing,
 Then through the air took flight
 Still liting on the wing.
 And the shy bird,
 Who all had heard,
 Straightway began
 To practice o'er the lovely strain ;
 Again, again ;
 Though indistinct and blurred,
 He tried each word,
 Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
 Like the faint tinkles of a fairy bell.

Now when I hear that song,
 Which has no earthly tone,
 My soul is carried with the strain along
 To the everlasting Throne ;
 To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
 And gain fresh faith, and love, and patience, there.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

1863—.

MRS. CHANLER, or AMÉLIE RIVES as she still styles herself in writing, was born in Richmond, Virginia, but passed her early life at the family place in Albemarle County, called "Castle Hill." She is a granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, once minister to France and author of "Life of Madison"; and her grandmother, Mrs. Judith Walker Rives, was a woman of much ability, and left some writings entitled "Home and the World," and "Residence in Europe."

She was married in 1888 to Mr. John Armstrong Chanler of New York and has since spent much time in Paris, studying painting for which she has as great fondness as for writing.

Her first stories were written in the style of the time of Shakspeare; the best of them is "Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth." They created a sensation as they came out and were said to be the work of a girl under twenty. She has also written stories of Virginia life and of modern times; besides poems, and dramas, in which last her talents seem to reach a higher plane than in any other kind of writing.

WORKS.

A Brother to Dragons.	Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story.
Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth.	Story of Arnon.
Virginia of Virginia.	Inja.
The Quick or the Dead?	Witness of the Sun.
According to St. John.	Herod and Mariamne, [drama].
Athelwold. [drama].	Poems, [scattered in magazines].
Barbara Dering, [sequel to The Quick or the Dead?]	Tanis, the Sang-Digger.

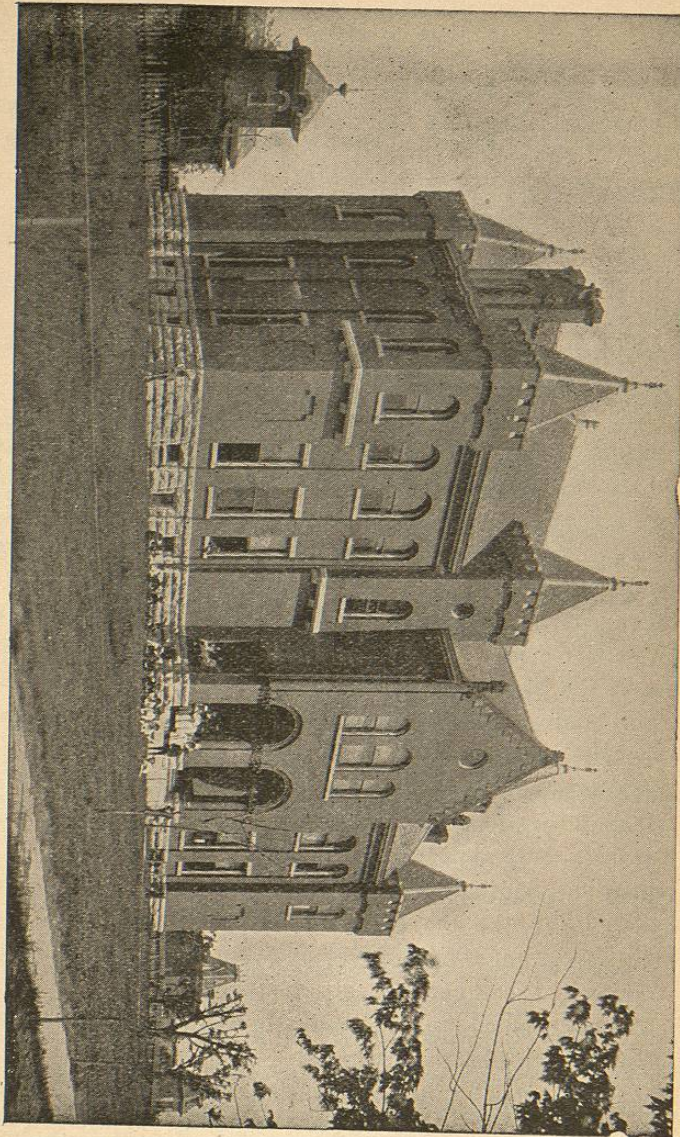
TANIS.

(From *Tanis, the Sang-Digger*.*)

Gilman was driving along one of the well-kept turn-pikes that wind about the Warm Springs Valley. He recognized the austere and solemn beauty that hemmed him in from the far-off outer world; but at the same time he was contrasting it with the sea-coast of his native State, Massachusetts, and a certain creeping homesickness began to rise about his heart.

In addition to this, he had left his delicate wife suffering with an acute neuralgic headache, and also saddened by a yearning for the picturesque old farm-house in which he had been born, and where they had lived during the first year of marriage. The trap which Gilman drove was filled with surveying instruments, and, as he turned into the rough mountain road, which led towards the site of the new railway for which he was now prospecting, the smaller ones

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Model School, Peabody Normal College.

began to rattle together and slide from the seat beside him. Finally, as the cart slipped against a stone, the level bounced into a puddle. He was about to jump out when a bold, ringing voice called to him:

"Set still—A'll pick hit up."

Then a figure slid down the rocky bank at his right, her one garment wrinkling from her bare, sturdy legs during the performance.

Gilman had never seen anything like her in his thirty years of varied experience.

She was very tall. A curtain of rough, glittering curls hung to her knees. Her face, clear with that clearness which only a mountain wind can bring, was white as a seagull's breast, except where a dark, yet vivid pink melted into the blue veins on her temples and throat. Her round, fresh lips, smooth as a peony-leaf, were parted in a wide laugh, over teeth large and yellow-white, like the grains on an ear of corn. She wore a loose tunic of blue-gray stuff, which reached to the middle of her legs, covered with grass stains and patches of mould. Her bare feet, somewhat broadened by walking, were well-shaped, the great toe standing apart from the others, the strong, round ankles, although scratched and bruised, perfectly symmetrical. Her arms, bare almost to the shoulder, were like those with which in imagination we complete the Milo. Eyes, round and colored like the edges of broken glass, looked out boldly from under her long black eyebrows. Her nose was straight and well cut, but set impertinently.

As she picked up the muddy level she laughed boisterously and wiped it on her frock.

"Thank you," said Gilman, and then, after a second's hesitation, added: "Where are you going? Perhaps I can give you a lift on your way? Will you get in?"

"Well, a done keer ef a do," she said, still staring at him. She got in and took the level on her knee, then burst out laughing again—

"A reckon yuh wonders what a'm a haw-hawin' at?" she asked, suddenly. "Well, a'll tell yuh! 'Tiz case a feels jess like this hyuh contrapshun o' yourn. A haint hed a bite sence five this mawnin', and a've got a bubble in th' middle o' me, a ken tell yuh!"

She opened her flexible mouth almost to her ears, showing both rows of speckless teeth, and roaring mirthfully again.

"I've got some sandwiches, here—won't you have one?" said Gilman.

"Dunno—what be they?" she asked, rather suspiciously, eyeing him sidewise.

He explained to her, and she accepted one, tearing from it a huge semi-circle, which she held in her cheek while exclaiming:

"Murder! hain't that good, though? D'yuh eat them things ev'y day? Yuh looks hit! You're a real fine-lookin' feller—mos' ez good-lookin' ez Bill."

"Who is Bill?" asked Gilman, much interested in this, his first conversation with a genuine savage.

"Bill? he's muh pard, an' muh brother, too. I come down hyuh tuh git him a drink o' water, but a hain't foun' a spring yit."

"No, there isn't one in several miles," said Gilman.

"Hyuh!" she cried. "Lemme git out."

And she was out, with the bound of a deer. "You g'long," she said; "a'm sorry a rode this far wi' you. You'll lart 'bout muh bar foots, an' this hyuh rag o' mine, wi' them po' white trash an' niggers. Whar you fum, anyhow? You hain't a Fuginia feller. A kin tell by yo' talk. You called

roots 'ruts' jess now, an' yuh said we'd 'sun' be whar them other fellers be. Whar you fum?"

"From Massachusetts," said Gilman.

"S'that another langidge fuh some name a knows?"

"No—it's the real name of another State."

"Well, hit's 'nuff tuh twis' a body's tongue, fuh life, so a done blame yuh s'much fuh yo' funny talk. Mawnin'." And she began to swing herself upon a great lichen-crested boulder by the roadside.

Gilman was naturally curious as to the type of the young barbarian whom he had met on his drive to Black Creek, and, during a pause in his work, he told a young fellow named Watkins of his adventure, and asked him to what class the girl belonged.

"I reckon, sir, she was a sang-digger," said Watkins, laughing. "They're a awful wild lot, mostly bad as they make 'em, with no more idea of right an' wrong than a lot o' ground-horgs."

"But what is a 'sang-digger'?" asked Gilman, more and more curious.

"Well, sir, sang, or ginseng, ez the real name is, is a sorter root that grows thick in the mountains about here. They make some sorter medicine out of it. I've chawed it myself for heartburn. It's right paying, too—sang-digging is, sir; you ken git at least a dollar a pound for it, an' sometimes you ken dig ten pounds in a day, but that's right seldom. Two or three pounds a day is doin' well. They're a awful low set, sir, sang-diggers is. We call 'em 'snakes' hereabouts, 'cause they don't have no place to live cep'in' in winter, and then they go off somewhere or ruther, to their huts. But in the summer and early autumn they stop where night ketches 'em, an' light a fire an' sleep 'round it. They cert'n'y are a bad lot, sir. They'll steal a sheep or a horse

ez quick ez winkin'. Why, t'want a year ago that they stole a mighty pretty mare o' mine, that I set a heap by, an' rid off her tail an' mane a-tearin' through the brush with her. She got loose somehow an' come back to me. But they stole two horses for ole Mr. Hawkins, down near Fallin' Springs, an' he a'in't been able to git 'em back. There's awful murders an' villainies done by 'em. But some o' them sang-digger gals is awful pretty. . . . Yes, sir, I reckon she was a sang-digger, sure enough."

[This wild creature of the woods was treated kindly by Gilman and his wife, and she finally sacrificed herself to save Mrs. Gilman.]

GRACE KING.

GRACE KING was born in New Orleans, the daughter of William W. King, and has made a reputation as a writer of short stories depicting Creole life. Her "Balcony Stories" are like pictures in their vivid intensity.

WORKS.

Monsieur Motte.
Earthlings.
Balcony Stories.

Bonne Maman.
Bayou L'Ombre.
History of Louisiana.

LA GRANDE DEMOISELLE.

A BALCONY STORY.

(From the *Century Magazine*,* Jan., 1893.)

That was what she was called by everybody as soon as she was seen or described. Her name, besides baptismal titles, was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. When she came into society, in the brilliant little world of New

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Orleans, it was the event of the season, and after she came in, whatever she did became also events. Whether she went, or did not go; what she said, or did not say; what she wore, and did not wear—all these became important matters of discussion, quoted as much or more than what the President said, or the governor thought. And in those days, the days of '59, New Orleans was not, as it is now, a one-heiress place, but it may be said that one could find heiresses then as one finds type-writing girls now.

Mademoiselle Idalie received her birth and what education she had on her parent's plantation, the famed old Reine Sainte Foy place, and it is no secret that, like the ancient kings of France, her birth exceeded her education.

It was a plantation, the Reine Sainte Foy, the richness and luxury of which are really well described in those fervid pictures of tropical life, at one time the passion of philanthropic imaginations, excited and exciting over the horrors of slavery. Although these pictures were then often accused of being purposely exaggerated, they seem now to fall short of, instead of surpassing, the truth. Stately walls, acres of roses, miles of oranges, unmeasured fields of cane, colossal sugar-house—they were all there, and all the rest of it, with the slaves, slaves, slaves everywhere, whole villages of negro cabins. And there were also, most noticeable to the natural, as well as visionary eye—there were the ease, idleness, extravagance, self-indulgence, pomp, pride, arrogance, in short the whole enumeration, the moral *sine qua non*, as some people considered it, of the wealthy slaveholder of aristocratic descent and tastes.

What Mademoiselle Idalie cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored; and she followed the same simple rule untrammelled in her eating, drinking, dressing, and comportment generally; and whatever discipline may have been

exercised on the place, either in fact or fiction, most assuredly none of it, even so much as in a threat, ever attained her sacred person. When she was just turned sixteen, Mademoiselle Idalie made up her mind to go into society. Whether she was beautiful or not, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to appreciate properly the beauty of the rich, the very rich. The unfettered development, the limitless choice of accessories, the confidence, the self-esteem, the sureness of expression, the simplicity of purpose, the ease of execution,—all these produce a certain effect of beauty behind which one really cannot get to measure length of nose, or brilliancy of the eye. This much can be said; there was nothing in her that positively contradicted any assumption of beauty on her part, or credit of it on the part of others. She was very tall and very thin with small head, long neck, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair,—for which her hair-dresser deserved more praise than she,—good teeth of course, and a mouth that, even in prayer, talked nothing but commands; that is about all she had *en fait d'ornements*, as the modistes say. It may be added that she walked as if the Reine Sainte Foy plantation extended over the whole earth, and the soil of it were too vile for her tread.

Of course she did not buy her toiles in New Orleans. Everything was ordered from Paris, and came as regularly through the custom-house as the modes and robes to the milliners. She was furnished by a certain house there, just as one of a royal family would be at the present day. As this had lasted from her layette up to her sixteenth year, it may be imagined what took place when she determined to make her *début*. Then it was literally, not metaphorically, *carte blanche*, at least so it got to the ears of society. She

took a sheet of note-paper, wrote the date at the top, added "I make my début in November," signed her name at the extreme end of the sheet, addressed it to her dressmaker in Paris, and sent it.

That she was admired, raved about, loved even, goes without saying. After the first month she held the refusal of half the beaux of New Orleans. Men did absurd, undignified, preposterous things for her: and she? Love? Marry? The idea never occurred to her. She treated the most exquisite of her pretenders no better than she treated her Paris gowns, for the matter of that. She could not even bring herself to listen to a proposal patiently; whistling to her dogs, in the middle of the most ardent protestations, or jumping up and walking away with a shrug of the shoulders, and a "Bah!"

Well! every one knows what happened after '59. There is no need to repeat. The history of one is the history of all.

It might have been ten years according to some calculations, or ten eternities,—the heart and the almanac never agree about time,—but one morning old Champigny (they used to call him Champignon) was walking along his levee front when he saw a figure approaching. He had to stop to look at it, for it was worth while. The head was hidden by a green barege veil, which the showers had plentifully besprinkled with dew; a tall thin figure. She was the teacher of the colored school some three or four miles away. "Ah," thought Champigny, "some Northern lady on a mission."

Old Champigny could not get over it that he had never seen her before. But he must have seen her, and, with his abstraction and old age, not have noticed

her, for he found out from the negroes that she had been teaching four or five years there. And he found out also—how, it is not important—that she was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. *La grande demoiselle!* He had never known her in the old days, owing to his uncomplimentary attitude toward women, but he knew of her, of course, and of her family.

Only the good God himself knows what passed in Champigny's mind on the subject. We know only the results. He went and married *la grand demoiselle*. How? Only the good God knows that too.

WAITMAN BARBE.

1864—

WAITMAN BARBE was born at Morgantown, West Virginia, and educated at the State University in that town. Since the year 1884 he has been engaged in editorial and literary pursuits, being now editor of the *Daily State Journal*. He has already made a reputation as a speaker on literary and educational topics: and his poems, first appearing in periodicals, have now been collected into a volume called "Ashes and Incense," the first edition of which was exhausted in six months. It "has put him among the foremost of the young American poets." Edmund Clarence Stedman says of it: "There is real poetry in the book—a voice worth owning and exercising. I am struck with the beauty and feeling of the lyrics which I have read—such, for example, as the stanzas on Lanier and 'The Comrade Hills.'"

WORKS.

Ashes and Incense.

SIDNEY LANIER.

*(From Ashes and Incense.)**

O Spirit to a kingly holding born!
 As beautiful as any southern morn
 That wakes to woo the willing hills,
 Thy life was hedged about by ills
 As pitiless as any northern night;
 Yet thou didst make it as thy "Sunrise" bright.

The seas were not too deep for thee; thine eye
 Was comrade with the farthest star on high.
 The marsh burst into bloom for thee,—
 And still abloom shall ever be!
 Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear away
 A charm it did not hold until thy day.

And Life walks out upon the slipping sands
 With more of flowers in her trembling hands
 Since thou didst suffer and didst sing!
 And so to thy dear grave I bring
 One little rose, in poor exchange for all
 The flowers that from thy rich hand did fall.

MADISON CAWEIN.

1865—.

MADISON CAWEIN, born at Louisville, Kentucky, of Huguenot descent, is one of our younger poets who seems overflowing with life and fancy. His writings show a wonderful insight into nature and power of expressing her beauties and meanings. The amount of his poetical work is astonishing, and another volume will soon appear, entitled "Intimations of the Beautiful."

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WORKS.

Days and Dreams.
 Blooms of the Berry.
 Triumph of Music.
 Poems of Nature and Love.

Accolon of Gaul and other Poems.
 Lyrics and Idyls.
 Moods and Memories.
 Red Leaves and Roses.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

*(From Red Leaves and Roses.)**

I.

Above long woodland ways that led
 To dells the stealthy twilights tread
 The west was hot geranium-red;
 And still, and still,
 Along old lanes, the locusts sow
 With clustered curls the May-times know,
 Out of the crimson afterglow,
 We heard the homeward cattle low,
 And then the far-off, far-off woe
 Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

II.

Beneath the idle beechen boughs
 We heard the cow-bells of the cows
 Come slowly jangling towards the house;
 And still, and still,
 Beyond the light that would not die
 Out of the scarlet-haunted sky,
 Beyond the evening-star's white eye
 Of glittering chalcedony,
 Drained out of dusk the plaintive cry
 Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

III.

What is there in the moon, that swims
 A naked bosom o'er the limbs,
 That all the wood with magic dims?
 While still, while still,
 Among the trees whose shadows grope

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'Mid ferns and flow'rs the dew-drops ope,—
 Lost in faint deeps of heliotrope
 Above the clover-scented slope,—
 Retreats, despairing past all hope,
 The whippoorwill, the whippoorwill.

DIXIE.

I.

I wish I wuz in de land ob cotton,
 Ole times dar am not forgotten;
 Look away! look away! look away!
 Dixie land,
 In Dixie land whar I wuz born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin';
 Look away! look away! look away!
 Dixie land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I were in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
 In Dixie land
 I'll took my stand
 To lib and die in Dixie,
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

II.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.

The following is a list of other authors and works that would have been included in the body of the book if space had allowed. It is with great regret that only this mention of them can be made. See "List of Southern Writers" for fuller notice.

- Allan, William : Army of Northern Virginia.
 Asbury, Francis : Journals.
 Blair, James : State of His Majesty's Colony in Virginia.
 Bledsoe, Albert Taylor : A Theodicy, Is Davis a Traitor?
 Brock, R. A. : Southern Historical Society Papers.
 Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson : That Lass o' Lowrie's.
 Cable, George Washington : Bonaventure (Acadian sketches in Louisiana).
 Caruthers, William A. : Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe (tale of Bacon's Rebellion).
 Dabney, Virginius : Don Miff.
 Davis, Mrs. Varina Jefferson : Jefferson Davis.
 Dinwiddie Papers.
 Elliott, Sarah Barnwell : John Paget.
 Goulding, Francis Robert : Young Marooners.
 Hearn, Lafcadio : Youma.
 Hooper, Johnson Jones : Captain Suggs' Adventures.
 Ingraham, Joseph Holt : Prince of the House of David.
 Jones, John Beauchamp : Rebel War Clerk's Diary, Wild Western Scenes.
 Kouns, Nathan Chapman : Arius the Libyan.
 Le Conte, Joseph : Geology, Science and the Bible.
 Loughborough, Mrs. Mary Webster : My Cave Life in Vicksburg (in prison during the war).

McCabe, James Dabney, Jr. : Gray-Jackets.

McGuire, Mrs. Judith Walker : Diary of a Southern Refugee ; (said to be a most faithful and pathetic picture of the terrible times in 1861-5. It was a private journal kept during the war, and Mrs. McGuire was afterwards induced to publish it).

Mason, Emily Virginia : Popular Life of R. E. Lee.

Maury, Dabney Herndon : Recollections of a Virginian.

Meade, William : Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia.

Parker, William Harwar : Recollections of a Naval Officer.

Piatt, Mrs. Sarah Morgan Bryan : Poems.

Randolph, Innis : Good Old Rebel, Back-Log.

Randolph, Sarah Nicholas : Domestic Life of Jefferson.

Semmes, Raphael : Service Afloat, Cruise of the Alabama.

Semple, Robert Baylor : History of Virginia Baptists.

Sims, James Marion : Story of My Life.

Smedes, Mrs. Susan Dabney : A Southern Planter ; (a biography of Mrs. Smedes' father. Of this work, Hon. W. E. Gladstone says in a letter to the author : "I am very desirous that the Old World should have the benefit of this work. I ask your permission to publish it in England.

Allow me to thank you, dear Madam, for the good the book must do.").

Smith, Francis Hopkinson : Colonel Carter of Cartersville.

Spotswood, Alexander : Letters, 1710-22.

Stith, William : History of Virginia (before 1755).

Strother, David Hunter : Virginia Illustrated.

Taylor, Richard : Destruction and Reconstruction.

Wiley, Edwin Fuller : Angel in the Cloud.

QUESTIONS.

These questions are not recommended as essential, but merely as suggestive and perhaps useful to teachers who prefer the Socratic method. They might also serve to call the attention of students to some point which they would otherwise overlook.

The general questions and those in ordinary type may be answered from the text itself; the answers to those in italics are to be found in other parts of the book, in a history of the United States, or in a cyclopedia. The questions in italics may, of course, like all the rest, be omitted at the discretion of the teacher. The research required to answer such questions, however, will be of great value to the students, if they have the time for it. See also the suggestions given in the Preface.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

These questions apply to all the authors, and hence will not be repeated under each name.

1. Give the date of birth, and the date of death of those not living. 2. Where was the author born? 3. Where did he pass his life? 4. What was his education? 5. What was his profession and what positions, if any, did he fill? 6. Describe his character. 7. His style of writing. 8. Give the names of his Works. 9. Title and contents of the extracts given. 10. Learn the short extracts and poems by heart. 11. *Find on the map all the places mentioned. (This is of prime importance, and I beg that this question may never be omitted).*

FIRST PERIOD, 1579-1750.

JOHN SMITH.—1. Why did Captain Smith fight against the Turks? 2. When did he come to America? 3. How did he spend his time after 1609? 4. *What other settlement was in America at this time besides Jamestown?* 5. *By whom and when made?*

WILLIAM STRACHEY.—1. What is the special fame of this description of a storm? 2. Give some features of it. 3. *Who was ruler of England at this time?*